

He Knows, of Course

"No, love," she said, "I do not say that I will give you all the space in closet, bureau, trunk—I must ask for myself a little space. But you shall have your very own. The thing that you have indulged for; yes, you, because I love you, love, shall have the lowest bureau drawer."

He thanked her. What else could he do? For well he knew her fond intent. To prove her love was wondrous true. Of sacrifice and yearning blent. "Oh, love," he said, "I'll tell you know. The wondrous love, affection sweet, That prompts you now to promise me, A bureau drawer as mine, complete."

—Sunset Magazine.

A MINE ROMANCE

BY FRANK H. SWEET

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"That is all, I believe," said Battlesea, as he rose and buttoned his coat across his breast. "I saw the Englishman in New York, and he will be on here next week. Have the report very specific, this and that vein outcropping at the surface, so much ore to the ton, and so many tons excavated with but a minimum of expense. He has unlimited money to squander, and is wild to throw it into mine holes; but he likes details. Give it to him in the way of veins and promising indications and computations. And, oh, yes, while about it you might take a peep in Faxon's mine adjoining. Make a few golden notes about that also. After purchasing from me, the Englishman may as well buy out Faxon. The two mines could be operated as one. We will impress that on him—after we have sold. Old Faxon can't afford to hire a mine expert himself and I shall be glad to help him a little. Make the reports all right. The Englishman has heard of you and will accept the report without question. You understand?"

Yes, Clint Bayland understood, and he understood the significance of a small roll which Battlesea's hand dropped carelessly upon his desk as he turned and went out. It was a first installment for his reputation. And Clara Faxon, the most beautiful girl in twenty miles round, was the daughter of the old man whom Battlesea would be glad to help.

He walked irritably to the window of the office and looked out, not daring to trust his eyes with a second glance at the small roll on his desk. He did need the money, sorely, more than he would care to have any one know. And it was only an indication of what would come. With Battlesea, who owned more mine and town property than any ten men in the country, as his friend, his prosperity would be assured.

But somehow, the thought of the prosperity did not give him the pleasure that it ought. Oddly enough his mind went over the snow-clad peaks to the mother he had left in the East, and from her to—Clara Faxon. What would they think?

A smart runabout swung up to the office door, and a handsome young fellow of about his own age raised a beckoning finger. The other occupant of the runabout was Clara Faxon. Clint left the window and went to the door.

"Hello, Bayland," the man called affably; "be busy to-morrow?"

"In the morning, yes. But I can spare you part of the afternoon, Mr. Deelee, if that will do."

"Nicely. I want you to take a run through my mine and make a report of its general characteristics. I haven't opened it much yet, but the indications I think point to a good thing. However, there's a rumor of a big syndicate's buyer approaching and any of us will sell if we can get our price. Say two sharp, and I will be there to go through with you."

"Very well. You may look for me."

As the runabout whirled away, Clara Faxon's eyes flashed him a kindly glance over her shoulder. Of

worthless as an investment. And Faxon's was no better. The only difference was that old Faxon believed implicitly in his mine, while Battlesea did not. So in selling, at whatever price, one would be honest and the other a self-conscious swindler.

From Faxon's mine, Clint went straight to Deelee's, a quarter of a mile away, expecting the same result. But when he left it, late in the afternoon, there was a strange look on his face. He had examined many mines, some of them very rich, but none had been like Deelee's. If he made a conscientious report this would be the



"You did nobly, and I—"

mine sold, at a fabulous price, and Deelee, from being merely a prosperous man, would become an immensely rich one. Moreover, it would make Battlesea his bitter enemy, and practically would mean his ruin at this place. And ruin, of course, meant losing whatever chance he had of winning Clara Faxon.

The wrinkles were deep in his forehead when he entered the office and dropped down at his desk, his head upon his arms. He wanted to think, to reason the thing out in a sensible, practical manner, but could not. His mother kept slipping in between him and his thoughts, and with her came Clara Faxon. He knew what his mother's searching eyes meant, and he fancied there was something in the girl's straight gaze that looked out upon life in much the same way. But she was on the other side of the black gulf, and he must step across to reach her. Once there, by her side, with those eyes as inspiration, he felt there could be no heights too great, no plains too broad, for them to compass together.

It was a long, bitter fight, lasting through the night and into the gray dawn of the next day; but in the end his mother won, and with haggard face he made the small roll into a secure package and returned it to Battlesea by his office boy, stating it was something that had been left in his office by mistake. Then from his notes he made out the reports for the three mines.

One afternoon, a week later, while writing to the management of a mining company in another state in regard to a position, he heard someone enter, but, thinking it the office boy, did not turn. Then:

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Bayland. Can I speak with you a moment?"

He whirled in his chair, to find Clara Faxon standing before him, her face a little pale, but her eyes glowing.

"Oh, Mr. Bayland," she cried impetuously, before he could speak: "Papa, and Mr. Battlesea are so angry with you. I thought you must have done something dreadful from the way they have been talking; but this morning I learned just how it was, and hurried here thinking you might feel bad at their being angry. You did nobly, and I—everybody ought to be proud of you. I—I—" She stopped suddenly, confusedly, for he had caught both her hands and was gazing into her eyes in a way that could not be misunderstood. Her breath quickened a little, then the eyes met his squarely, and the hands were not withdrawn.

The Pace That Kills.

"I wrote him a neat letter asking for the position."

"Did he answer?"

"Yes. Said that a man who takes time to dot his i's is too slow for him."

PAT RAFFERTY AND THE TELLER

Doubt as to His Identity Worried This Irishman.

There is a rule in one at least of the savings banks in Massachusetts that when a passbook is presented with an order for payment from the depositor the identification of the payee is required for amounts exceeding \$100.

One day an Irishman, evidently not long in this country, appeared at the paying teller's window for a draft of \$123, presenting a passbook and an order from the owner of the book to pay Patrick Rafferty the amount.

The order was in proper form, but the payee was not known to the teller. "Do you know any of the officers here?" he asked of Pat.

"No, sir," replied Pat.

"Well, then, you will have to be identified to us in some way."

"What's that?" asked the now confused Irishman.

"Why," explained the teller, "you will have to get some one whom we know and who knows you to come in here and identify you. You might be anybody, and we want to be sure that we are paying Patrick Rafferty." Pat looked dazed and went over to a seat and for ten or fifteen minutes looked stupidly at the passbook and order.

Finally he approached the window again, with the most dubious look imaginable on his face, and said, "Say, young feller, if I'm not Pat Rafferty, who the devil am I?"

Dead or Not, He Was Buried.

Over twenty years ago S. P. Ives, a well-known legal light of Essex county, and Charles P. Thompson of the superior court were pitted against each other in an important life insurance case at Salem, Mr. Ives for the company and Mr. Thompson for the plaintiff. Mr. Thompson was very anxious to put into the case certain affidavits, and Mr. Ives was equally strenuous in opposition.

After lengthy arguments the judge decided in Mr. Thompson's favor, and he proceeded to read, with much emphasis, depositions relating to surgical treatment, death, funeral and last the interment of the insured.

As Mr. Thompson finished reading this, which was from a sexton of the cemetery, giving name, date, number of burial lot, etc., he threw the papers upon the table and, addressing the judge, said, with a bit of impetuousness in speech which sometimes bothered him: "There, your honor. Perhaps Bro. Ives don't believe this man is dead! But we've buried him, anyway."—Boston Herald.

Why He Hadn't Kissed Her.

On Sixth avenue yesterday afternoon a handsomely dressed woman with a profusion of blonde hair was walking by the side of her husband. As the couple passed a department store the woman's attention was attracted by a tailor-made gown, and she left her husband to examine it more closely. When she returned she seemed annoyed. "You never look at anything that interests me any more," she complained. "You don't care how I dress. You don't care for me any more. Why, you haven't even kissed me for a month."

"Indeed, I am sorry, but it is not my fault," said the man to whom she had just been speaking.

Turning the woman looked at him, gasped and mumbled out an apology. She had taken the arm of a stranger. —New York Press.

A Modern Convenience.

When Albert Bigelow Paine, the experienced author of "The Van Dwellers," was looking about him for a home in suburban New York before he found his nest on Long Island, he was interviewed by a farmer who had a house to sell somewhere up the country. He described the place in sunset and sunrise and green field and yellow grain colors, and Mr. Paine listened.

"Has the house any of the modern conveniences?" he asked.

"You bet it has," replied the farmer with enthusiasm.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, siree; it's got the very latest—there's a trolley car runs within a half mile of the front door."

Good Night! "Good night!" so low and sweet. The homely phrase resounds With far-reaching bent.

Beyond the garden bounds, "Good night!" the jasmine sighs, "Good night!" the rose replies.

"Good night!" as sad and clear As song of nightingale. The two brief words I hear, While west the moon doth sail.

"Good night! Alas we part!" "Good night! O dearest heart!"

"Good night!" The moon does wane; More purple grows the sky, And dusker the plain. Where sleeping farmsteads lie, "Good night!" and dreams of peace Till darkness have succored.

Ah, long have gone their way Fair Venus and red Mars; Yet for us shine for aye Love's everlasting stars! So, whilst time taketh flight, "Good night!"—and then "Good night!"—William Struthers in Boston Transcript.

Ministered to His Enjoyment.

"Tommy, for the land's sake, where have you been for the last two hours?" "Been havin' a good time with an automobile."

"You don't mean to say you've been taking a ride in one?"

"Now! Standin' off an' hollerin' 'get a horse!' at a feller that was tryin' to make a busted machine go." —Chicago Tribune.

They Knew the Answer.

"You never can tell how children are going to apply things," said a public school teacher.

"The teacher day I asked the class what a fort was. One boy answered, 'A place to put men in.'"

"Then what's a fortress?" said I. "A place to put women in!" exclaimed the class in unison.

THE NEWS IN NEBRASKA

OVER THE STATE.

Wind unroofed the Union Pacific depot at Fullerton. Seven new rowboats have been ordered by telegraph for Wood River lake, near Shelton.

The Sarpy County Old Settlers' association claims the oldest man in the state, Hon. James Gow of Bellevue. Mr. Gow is in his 94th year, hale and hearty.

Sixteen new residences have been built in Wood River since January 1 and it is probable that eight or ten more will be erected before next January.

The Union Pacific's motor car passed through Wood River on its way to Callaway, where it commences its regular run on the Black Hills branch.

During a thunderstorm lightning struck the grain stacks of L. L. Hardy a farmer living one-half mile west of Blue Springs, burning them to the ground.

The contractor for the chapel-gymnasium building for the State Normal school at Peru has greatly increased his force of workmen in order to finish the building by August 31.

The rush for one-section land at the lead office in North Platte is practically over now, although a few entries are made each day. About one hundred and fifty sections were filed all together.

The twenty-fourth annual reunion of the Pioneers' and Old Settlers' association and the semi-centennial celebration of the first settlement of Dakota county, will be celebrated August 31st.

A long felt want in Oakland of a good hotel will be realized when the Crane opens for business under the management of A. A. Stewart. The building has been newly furnished throughout.

In the village of Osceola the taxes this year will be higher than ever before. The whole levy, state, county, village, with the school district, will be 62½ mills.

At Fremont Charles Herforth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Herforth, was severely bitten by a vicious dog. A physician found it necessary to take five stitches in one wound in the boy's face.

Clarence Lash, the 13-year-old son of J. O. Lash, who lives southeast of Beatrice, was badly hurt by the explosion of a dynamite cartridge. He was playing at a sand bank where some workmen had dropped a cartridge while engaged in blasting.

George Tuttle, who was brought to Beatrice from Salem by Deputy United States Marshal Homan, charged with selling liquor without a government license, was given a hearing and bound over to the federal court.

L. G. Larson of Plattsmouth has been notified that he has been awarded the contract for the construction of the new power house at the Battle Mountain sanitarium at Hot Springs, S. D. There were six bidders in all, Mr. Larson's bid being \$16,529.

Preparations are being made for the feeding of a large number of sheep at Wood River. Already many of the feeders are figuring with the sheepmen of the southwest. The alfalfa crop has been fine and the prospects for a large crop of corn are so good that a successful season for the sheepmen is assured.

Earl Bushman of Columbus, a young man, met with an accident which will lay him up for some time. He was trimming up some trees which had been blown down by the storm, when the ax glanced and struck him in the left foot. Two toes were severed as neatly as a surgeon could do it, and another was left hanging by a mere thread of flesh.

At a meeting of the county commissioners of Red Willow county the matter of the protest against the allowance of assistance from the county to the fair was considered and the contest settled in favor of the agricultural society, which will receive about \$400 from the county treasury and will hold a fair in Indianola, commencing September 26, and ending September 30.

Thirty-five patients from the Lincoln insane asylum were transferred to the Norfolk asylum over the Northwestern railroad. The patients are those properly belonging to the part of the state supplied by the Norfolk institution. All insane patients sent to the asylum from the South Platte country in the future will go to Lincoln, while those from north of the Platte will go to Norfolk.

Democrats of the state of Nebraska are called to meet in convention at the Auditorium in the city of Lincoln on Wednesday, September 20, 1935, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices, to be voted for at the general election to be held in the state of Nebraska November 7, 1935, to-wit: One judge of the supreme court, two regents of the state university.

The county board of supervisors of Cuming county have decided to allow an exhibit to be collected for the State fair and have appropriated the sum of \$100 to S. R. Fletcher of Bancroft to assist him in preparing the exhibit.

John Wallinger, one of the prominent farmers, residing in Eight Mile Grove precinct, Cass county, was found dead at the home of his son-in-law, Autone Schaefer. He retired in the evening apparently as well as usual. Heart disease is thought to have been the cause of his sudden death. He was about 70 years of age.

RAILROAD ESCAPES BIG FEE

Great Northern Need Not Incorporate in Nebraska.

The Great Northern railroad is not incorporated in Nebraska and it is not likely to be, as such a step would cost about \$10,000. This company is able to follow the example of other railroad corporations which maintain separate corporations for every branch or line built. The Burlington road has control of sixteen different corporations in this state. The Great Northern controls the Sioux City, O'Neill and Western line, extending from Sioux City, Ia., to O'Neill, Neb. The Great Northern is supposed to be building a line from Lincoln to Sioux City, but the work is being done under the name of the Sioux City & Western, a corporation separate from the Sioux City, O'Neill & Western. The Sioux City & Western was incorporated several years ago by Omaha men but no active work was done. Now that the Great Northern desires to build a new line, the work will be done under the name of a Nebraska corporation, the Sioux City & Western. The articles of incorporation are on file in the offices of Secretary of State Galusha. This plan obviates the necessity of the Great Northern paying a large fee for filing articles of incorporation.

THE COLUMBIA CANAL WILL IRRIGATE 28,000 ACRES

The State Board of Irrigation has received notice from H. G. Leavitt, the Ames sugar manufacturer, that he is about to begin construction work on the Columbia canal project, which has been allowed enough water to irrigate 28,000 acres. The project begins at the Wyoming state line and extends along the north bank of the Platte river to the central part of Cheyenne county. It is claimed that there is an area of 15,000 acres of land which can be watered from the canal. The significance of Leavitt's notice is not thoroughly understood at the office of the secretary of the state board. It is pointed out that the work may have some bearing on the controversy between Leavitt and the government over the interstate project which will water land in the same territory. The government is already proceeding with the construction of the interstate canal.

Was With Dewey at Manila.

TECUMSEH—Lieutenant Arthur G. Kavanaugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kavanaugh of this city, is visiting at the home of his parents here. Lieutenant Kavanaugh is a Tecumseh boy, having grown up and received his early education in this city. His services in the United States navy during the war with Spain have made him famous. Lieutenant Kavanaugh was on the Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship, in the renowned battle of Manila bay, May 1, 1898.

Old Soldiers for Denver.

LINCOLN—More than 1,000 tickets have already been sold by the Burlington to Nebraska veterans who expect to attend the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Denver in September and it is estimated that the state will send more than 2,000 old soldiers.

Paying State Warrants.

State Treasurer Mortensen will take up \$55,000 of general fund warrants. The treasurer first issued his call for \$45,000 of warrants but as receipts of money were heavier than he had anticipated he added another \$10,000. The warrants to be retired number up to 123,858.

Kidnaped Child is Located.

NORFOLK—Kidnaped for eighteen years—ever since she was a wee tot 2 years old—a young woman in St. Louis, who recently wrote to Nebraska papers asking for information regarding herself, is about to be restored to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Schalmst of Gross, Neb.

AN EXAMINATION OF NEBRASKA FRATERNALS

Deputy Insurance Auditor J. L. Pierce said that the department examiner, H. S. Wiggins, would soon commence the examination of the affairs of the fraternal companies of the state. The work is not of unusual significance but is simply in accordance with the policy of the auditor to do all in the power of the state department to protect the interests of the people. When the fraternal companies have been examined the big old line companies will come in for their share of investigation. The examination is something that departments in other states require and Nebraska is determined not to be behindhand.

Omaha Attorney is Drowned.

ASHLAND—Charles H. Von Mansfeldt, an Omaha attorney, was drowned in the Platte river here. Von Mansfeldt, in company with his sister and a party of friends, was camping on the banks of the river three and a half miles from town.

Chief Physician.

Dr. Lord of Omaha will be the chief physician for the hospital for Crippled Children which will be opened September 1 as a ward of the Lincoln Home for the Friendless.

LOST 72 POUNDS.

Was Fast Drifting Into the Fatal Stages of Kidney Sickness.

Dr. Melvin M. Page, Page Optical Co., Erie, Pa., writes:

"Taking too many feed drinks in New York in 1895 sent me home with a terrible attack of kidney trouble. I had acute congestion, sharp pain in the back, headaches and attacks of dizziness. My eyes gave out, and with the languor and sleeplessness of the disease upon me I wasted from 194 to 122 pounds. At the time I started using Doan's Kid-



ney Pills an abscess was forming on my right kidney. The trouble was quickly checked, however, and the treatment cured me, so that I have been well since 1896 and weigh 188 pounds."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box.

A Dangerous Flower.

The florist held a tulip in his hand. "Some people claim a tulip has no smell," he said. "As a matter of fact, it has a dangerous smell. Take a tulip of a deep crimson color and inhale it with profound inspirations, and it will be apt to make you light headed. You will say and do queer things—dance, sing, fight, and so on. For two hours you will cut up in this way. Afterward you will be depressed."

A Gentleman.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill.

Let young and old accept their part And bow before the awful will.

And bear it with an honest heart. Who misses or who wins the prize—Go, lose or conquer, as you can, But if you fall, or if you rise,

Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

—W. M. Thackeray.

Choice in Color of Skin.

The color of the skin is a thing that makes for beauty or mars it among different people. Each race considers its own color preferable to every other. The North American Indian admires a tawny skin and the Chinese dislike the white skin of the Europeans.

The Reason Why.

Drummond, Wis., Aug. 21st (Special)—Whole families in Bayfield County are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why is given in experiences such as that of Mr. T. T. Wold, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Wold, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found them just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently and prevent it developing into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

Progress.

"People that live in glass houses needn't have any fear nowadays," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "There are plate glass insurance companies."

Every housekeeper should know

that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 4-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 oz." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Italians Avoid Bad Habit.

To an Italian, charged in a London court with drunkenness, the magistrate said: "Italians don't often get drunk. Don't get English ways."

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease

A powder, it rests the feet, Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

We know a man who can trace his

ancestors back to William the Conqueror, and his ancestors would not care enough about him to trace him to the next corner.

Somebody ought to write a book

educating hosts and hostesses in the fact that there is a difference between entertaining people and spending money on them.

One phase of ambition is that which

prompts a man to own a sixty-horse power auto in a locality where he can't use over twenty-horse power to save his life.

The acme of goodness is to love the

public, to study universal good, and to promote the interests of the whole world as far as lies in our power.

John Ruskin.



It was a first installment for his reputation.

late he had thought her manner a shade more friendly. Perhaps even Battlesea and Mr. Deelee—But, pshaw! and he turned abruptly and went back into the office. At the desk he stood for fully a minute, gazing down at the roll, the fine wrinkles again coming between his brows. Then with an impatient movement he swept the roll into his desk and turned the key. Some chance visitor might come in and notice it lying there.

The next day his examination of Battlesea's mine turned out as he feared—the property was absolutely